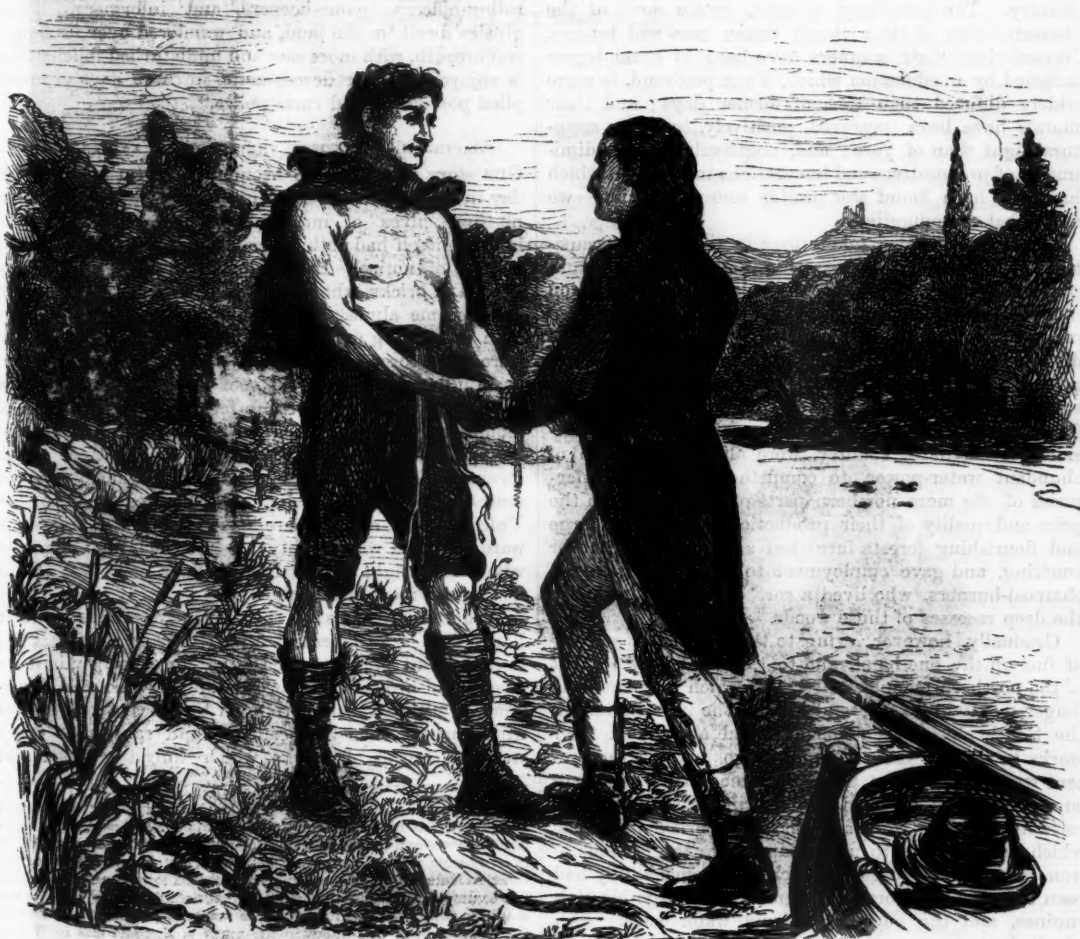


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



TOM CASEY WELCOMES MASTER HARRY.

HURLOCK CHASE.

BY G. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY.

OUR story takes date a good many years ago. Old men and women now tottering towards the grave were children then; and the old people of that day have long reposed under the clods of the valley.

The face of the country is altered. Its grand features indeed remain; but the scenery and its adjuncts have undergone many changes. Woods and forests have been cleared, commons inclosed; the Chase itself,

which gives us a title for the following tale, is now divested of all rights to its ancient name, being reclaimed from its former wilderness state, and split up into numerous flourishing farms. The buildings which we shall have occasion to describe have either disappeared, or if yet standing, have been subjected to such alterations and renovations, that their first builders and owners, could they revisit the earth, might be lost in wonder at the vagaries of modern architects. Villages have sprung up in spots which then were rarely traversed and knew no habitations. The old roads, such as they were, have been diverted, closed, and broken up; new ones, more

adapted to the comfort and convenience of modern travellers, have been opened; and—last and unkindest cut of all to lovers of seclusion—a busy railroad stretches across the valleys, bridges over the ravines, tunnels through the hills, and awakens with the rumbling of its hourly trains, and the shrill sound of the steam whistle, the echoes which formerly slumbered in peace, or were but rarely roused by the report of the sportsman's gun, the winding of the huntsman's horn, the cry of following hounds, and the shriek of the night owl.

The people of the district (which, for sufficient reasons, we do not intend particularly to notify, save that it lies within a few miles of our southern coast) have undergone changes something corresponding with those already described as having passed over the aspect of the country. The peasantry, at least, retain most of the characteristics of their South Saxon race and tongue. Nevertheless, their manners have been to some degree softened by an education which, if not profound, is more widely diffused than that of former days; and their morals have been improved, positively, by more scriptural light than of yore; and, negatively, by the diminution of provocatives and temptations to a pursuit which has ever been found the prolific source of crime—we mean that of smuggling.

Changes have also taken place in the lawful occupations of the people. Necessarily, in an agricultural and pastoral country, the bulk of its labouring population must be either ploughmen or shepherds, and their necessary congeners; but intermingled with these, in the district referred to, were employments which were neither agricultural nor pastoral. The land beneath its surface was, and still is, rich in iron ore; and the mills, furnaces, and forges, which were scattered over a considerable extent of country, were able, by the help of abundant water-power, to compete with the manufactories of the more northern parts of our island, in the price and quality of their productions; while the large and flourishing forests furnished sufficient charcoal for smelting, and gave employment to numerous gangs of charcoal-burners, who lived a sort of half-savage life in the deep recesses of those woods.

Gradually, however, owing to the increasing scarcity of fuel on the one hand, and to the rapid development of the northern manufactories, with which they could no longer maintain a successful rivalry, the iron-masters of the South closed their business and abandoned their works to decay; yet not so long ago but that the present writer remembers spending some portion of a long summer's day of boyhood in exploring the mysteries of certain weird-like ruins and masses of brick and stone, which he was given to understand were the remains of iron furnaces and forges. Much of the machinery had been removed, but some still remained in large blasting engines, and the huge beams and water-wheels with which these engines had been connected; and the extent to which these manufactories had been carried was manifest in the dark hue of the roads, which for miles around had in those former times been made and repaired with the black scoria of the now abandoned iron-works.

The men who wrought in these factories were, as may be supposed, picked out from the surrounding scanty population, for their superiority in bone and sinew; and thus originally powerful, the nature of their occupation tended to increase their strength, while it imparted a kind of savagery to their general appearance and demeanour. Conscious of this, and proud of the distinction it gave them, these men of iron were probably ready enough to assert their claims to consideration, and were more than

sufficiently ready, when occasion offered, to make them good by force of arm. But these claims being yielded, the men dwelt at peace among their neighbours, with whom, indeed, they were more or less intimately connected, some by ties of consanguinity or marriage, and almost all by the freemasonry of a common interest and frequent adventures.

Our preliminary sketch would not be complete if we omitted to state that the forests and commons of the district we have attempted to describe gave shelter, and means of livelihood too, to numerous hordes of gipsies, between whom and the peasantry at large was a tacit understanding, which may be said to have amounted to a league offensive and defensive against the common tyrants of mankind; namely, all magistrates, excisemen, riding-officers, game-keepers, and informers. These gipsies dwelt in the land, and wandered over its length and breadth, with more ease and undisturbed felicity than is enjoyed by their descendants, in these days of multiplied population and rural police.*

CHAPTER II.—THE FORGE, THE FORGEMAN, AND THE BOAT.

OUR story opens on the evening of an early September day in 17—; and we must introduce our readers to one of those hives of industry already mentioned. The building itself had nothing in its construction particularly worthy of notice. It was long and low, substantially framed of bricks, which, whatever their primitive colour, had become almost black, and thus assimilated in hue with everything around; for the ground was black; so were the stores of charcoal which were piled up into large hills, overtopping the roof of the forge, the fires of which they were destined to feed; black too were the mountains of dross which had been cast out from the neighbouring furnace; the foliage of the trees which struggled for life in that uncongenial atmosphere was scorched and blackened; and blackened were the Vulcans who, almost bare-bodied from the waist upwards, wielded with mighty prowess the sledge-hammers whose din might be heard, on a clear calm day, at the distance of more than a mile.

A dozen or more of these men were then at work. Large bars of iron, heated to whiteness, and too dazzling to permit an unaccustomed gaze, were being raised by levers, and heaved upon broad anvils, while the forgesmen let fall their hammers upon the incandescent masses with musical time and cadence, and raising at every stroke a shower of sparks which spread a broad and

* It is proper to state that the writer, in his description of the Hurlock iron-works, has mixed up with much that is purely imaginative, some reminiscences and traditions of that manufacture as formerly carried on in a romantic part of the county of Sussex, not many miles from the coast, as stated in the tale. These works ceased towards the close of the last century, not because the ore was exhausted, but because the forests ceased to supply sufficient fuel for the furnaces, and also by reason of the opening up of coal-mines in the north of England and in Wales, where ore or ironstone is also abundant. As Sussex produces no coal, the works necessarily fell into decay, and all vestiges of them (as the writer believes) have long since completely disappeared. In what year the fires were finally extinguished he is unable to say; but it may be inferred that the decay of the manufacture was somewhat gradual; so that while the trade in Sussex iron was virtually abandoned, there still survived some use of the furnaces and forges for home appliances. The author of "Hurlock Chase" very well remembers seeing, in the days of his childhood, the remains of the works which now, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, he has pressed into his story. He recollects, especially, the enormous bellows of the forge, and the great beams connected with water-works by which they were kept in constant motion, and the reservoir of water, which seemed to him then like an inland sea, though it was but a pond after all. He believes also that the person by whom he was accompanied spoke of the works as having been in operation not a great many years previous to this visit, probably somewhere about the beginning of the present century. It is in these last years of the decaying manufacture that the events of our story are supposed to have taken place.

glowing reflection upon the sheet of water on the shores of which the works were situated, and on whose bosom floated a small boat containing a solitary passenger, now resting on his oars.

The forge was open in front, and thus, to the distant spectator in the boat, were displayed three large fires, kept at a glowing heat by the regular blast of bellows, whose motive power was to be traced, through beam and wheel, to a considerable waterfall close by, the dashing and fretful roaring of which, combined with the noisy tumult within, would have drowned any voices, and deafened, for the time, any ears, but those of the forgemmen.

Not theirs, however; for as their mighty hammers rose and fell, they accompanied the ding and clash thus made with a metrical chant, which ran somewhat as follows:—

"In melancholy fancy,
Out of myself,
In the Vulcan dancy,"
All the world surveying,
Nowhere staying,
Just like a fairy elf;

Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas without an oar or shipping:
Hollo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

"Amidst the misty vapours,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapers;
Why the clouds benight us
And affright us

While we travel here below.
Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder,
And what these lightnings be, that rend the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are, on which we gaze with wonder.
Hollo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

"Fain would I know the reason
Why the little ant
All the summer season
Layeth up provision,
On condition

To know no winter's want;
And how housewives that are so good and painful
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful,
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.
Hollo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

"When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a-gadding,
Running madding;
None doth his station hold.

He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth;
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Hollo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

"Fain also would I prove this,
By considering
What that which you call love is;
Whether it be a folly,
Or a melancholy,
Or some heroic thing.

Fain I'd have it proved by one whom love hath wounded,
And fully upon one his desire hath founded,
Whom nothing else could prove, though the whole world were
rounded.

Hollo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

"Hollo, my fancy, hallo!
Stay, stay at home with me:
I can thee no longer follow,
For thou has betrayed me,
And bewrayed me.

It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy work be poring;
For he that goes abroad lays little up in storing.
Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me."

The chant died away in distant echoes, and the men, whose powerful voices had been thus raised above the din of its accompaniments, ceased from their labour.

The masses of iron which they had been hammering into shape had declined from the first white heat into a dull and sullen red; and they were lifted from the anvils and replaced on the fires. Then the forgemmen stood with folded arms and talked.

"That's a good song of the captain's, anyway," said one; "pretty big and mighty; but that's the more like him that made it—poor fellow!"

"He did not make it. He showed it me in a book that he said was a hundred years old and more, and there was a lot more verses besides what he copied out. But I wonder you have the heart to sing it, mates—I couldn't: it stuck in my throat."

"I dunno why we shouldn't sing it, Tom Carey," said another of the men: "I reckon it is not going to do Captain Rivers any harm, though he has lost his law-suit, and the old Chase has got into other hands."

"Tom is allis soft-hearted about the cap'n," said a fourth speaker, "as if there warn't such another in England. Now, what I say is, that one master is as good as another, as long as he pays us our wages and lets us alone. It isn't much I have to thank Cap'n Rivers for, anyhow; and if he does not like his old songs to be sung, he shouldn't have put them into our mouths."

"It will be long before old Jason Brooke helps us to another, I expect," added one of the men who had previously spoken, "and, somehow, that old song of the captain's chimes in natural——" Here he was interrupted by the deep tones of Tom Carey:—

"Nothing to thank the captain for? Is that what you say, Bob Phillips? Nothing to thank him for? Who was it begged you off when you'd ha' been like enough to have been transported for that job with the old squire's deer? Nothing to thank him for, when, if it hadn't been for him, you would have been turned out of these works, times and times again, for one trick or another? But you are one of them that likes to worship the rising sun, and forgets the day that has gone before. We all know you, Bob."

A finer specimen of manly vigour inspired by generous indignation than that presented by Tom Carey, as he thundered out these words of objurcation, could scarcely have been desired by painter or sculptor. He was a young man scarcely twenty-three years of age, but constant toil had favoured the early development of mature strength. Over six feet in height, the fine proportions of every limb, and the broad muscular breast, on which his arms were carelessly folded, saved him from that appearance of ungainliness which distinguishes most men of more than ordinary stature. That breast now appeared to expand, and his upper lip quivered slightly as he poured out his scornful defiance.

The man Phillips recoiled for a moment from the glance of the dark grey eyes, which seemed to dart fire from beneath the crisp chestnut hair which curled above the high broad forehead of Tom Carey, but only for a moment. A fierce rejoinder rose to his lips, and was half spoken when another voice broke in; it was that of the foreman of the works, who, though taking his full share in the labour, exercised a kind of rough authority over his fellow-workmen.

"Avast, mates," said he; "we'll have no quarrelling. Tom Carey is in the right of it to stand up for the captain; no one has a better right than he. And, for the matter of that, we would all stand up for him if there was any occasion; and if it did him any harm to sing the old song he helped us to learn, I reckon we could all be silent. But it can't matter to him now, song or no song; for he is far enough away by this time."

"Not so far as you may think, Will Carter," exclaimed one of the men, who had not yet opened his lips. "Who is in the old boat there?" and he pointed to the broad sheet of water, towards which all eyes were at once directed.

Whoever the solitary boatman might be, he had resumed the oars at the ceasing of the song, and was now speeding rapidly to the shore. His back was necessarily, therefore, turned to the forge. And, as the sun had already set, the shades of evening, rendered yet more deep by the wood-covered hills, which almost surrounded the miniature lake, darkened into indistinctness the distant view. The men were not long in suspense, however.

"It is the captain's pull," said Carter, after a long penetrating glance from his hand-shaded eyes at the approaching boat.

"And nobody but the captain would have known where to find the oars," added another.

"Tisn't likely to be him, though," said a third; "it was told as how he went abroad more than a month ago. What do you say, Tom?"

But Tom Carey was not there to answer the question. On the first discovery that the boat was on the water he had left the group, and was striding with long and hurried steps towards the usual landing-place, which was more than a hundred yards farther along the borders of the lake. He reached it just as the boat's keel touched the shore.

CHAPTER III.—THE FRIENDS.

"MASTER HARRY, I never thought of seeing you again for this long time to come, if ever."

Tom Carey said this as he sprang forward knee-deep into the water, and pushed the boat farther ashore, that the boatman might land dryshod. And then the two men stood together on the strand silent, with hands closely clasped, and gazing anxiously, yet with some gleams of gladness, into each other's faces.

The scene was picturesque. The deep natural basin which formed a reservoir for the streams which poured into it, and the numberless springs which arose in its bed, and kept it constantly supplied when other sources failed, was hemmed in on almost all sides by irregular hills, some of them of considerable height, and all of them covered with magnificent forest-trees of oak and birch and beech, from their summits to the very edge of the water, over which they cast their shadows in solemn grandeur. The water—which, for convenience of description, we shall call a lake, though the title is somewhat too ambitious—followed the sinuosities of the surrounding land, and was very unequal in breadth. In some parts it extended, perhaps, half a mile from shore to shore, and in other parts was contracted to two or three hundred yards. The extreme limits of the lake could not be seen from any one point of view, in consequence of the winding character of its bed, and the jutting promontories which intercepted the sight. Following these windings, the whole length of the piece of water was probably little short of a mile; but, in fact, this was but one of a chain of similar lakes which extended some miles through that district of the country, and were connected with each other either by natural channels or by artificial watercourses. As the level of these reservoirs varied considerably according to the nature of the ground, advantage had been taken by art of this natural formation; so that, by embankments, dams, locks, water-gates, mill-ponds, and other engineering contrivances, a large amount of power had been produced and husbanded for the mills that were built in the

vicinity of the lakes and streams. Our readers must pardon this slight digression. We return to the two men whom we left on the shore of what was then technically called "the Furnace Pond."

Between these two men was some degree of similarity; but in other particulars there was a striking difference. They were both young. We have spoken of Carey's years as not exceeding twenty-three. Henry Rivers, or Harry, as he was more familiarly called, or the captain, when his rank in the — volunteer troop was referred to, was barely a year older. Both were tall in stature, exceeding the average height by some two or three inches, and were well built up with bone, muscle, and sinew, "in manner according;" the countenance of each, moreover, if physiognomy has any foundation in truth, gave pledge of ardent, open, honest sincerity, whether in love or in hatred. Here, however, the likeness ends.

Look at the two men as they stand face to face, and hand clasped in hand. The one, half-naked, as we have already described him, with his broad breast bronzed by exposure to the fierce heat of the forge, and yet more darkened with the evidences of his recent labour, and with hands seared and hardened almost to the consistency of the iron with which they came hourly into close fellowship; the other clad plainly and simply, certainly, yet in costume which denoted, in that day of punctilious regard to rank and station in externals, that the wearer was a gentleman, and accustomed to mingle in society to which his humbler friend was a stranger. It was like the loves of Valentine and Orson, this meeting of the forgerman and the son of his former master.

But it was in countenance that the dissimilarity was more strongly marked. The forgerman had true Saxon features. The companion now grasping his hand had the oval face and more classical profile, with the short upper lip, which could be fairly traced to a Norman origin; and these signs were strengthened by the black hair, which was now carelessly thrown back from a high, broad forehead, and by the finely arched and glossy eyebrows and long silky lashes that protected the full dark eyes, now swimming with liquid tenderness. Probably he was a little flushed with the exertion of rowing an awkward, heavy pleasure-boat, too large to be well managed with a single pair of sculls; or it might be that his meeting with a friend had called up some slight colour to his cheeks. But this colour soon died away, and then it was seen that his cheeks were pallid and too hollow for healthy youth.

"We all thought you had gone abroad, sir; that is, we heard so, and supposed it was true; and if not gone abroad, I expected you would be in London," said Carey, after a protracted silence.

"I left London early this morning——"

"Rode, sir?" interrupted Tom.

"Yes; my poor old hunter. That is, I rode him down to B——. There I put up at the 'George,' and walked over here. And as to being gone abroad, Tom—well, I have made up my mind to go; but I could not drag myself away without coming to see the old place once more."

"Isn't it a pity, though, sir?" said Tom Carey.

"I do not know; and another thing, I do not much care. A wilful man will have his way, you know." The captain (to give him his honorary title) smiled as he said this. "But one would almost think you are sorry to see me again."

"You can't think it, sir——"

"Sir, sir!" exclaimed Rivers impatiently; "you didn't use to be so ceremonious, Carey."

"Not before your losses, Master Harry," said Tom.

"You give me another reason for regretting those losses, then; but never mind about them, and call me Harry as you used to do. This is the last time we may meet for many long years. Perhaps we may never see one another again after this evening."

"I hope it is not so bad as that, Master Harry," responded the forgerman. "No, no; you'll come back again after a little while, and——"

"Perhaps; I shall soon know. To-morrow will settle the question. And this reminds me that I must not stay here. I am bound to-night for the Priory; and my aunts keep early hours, you know. But I wished to see you once more, at any rate, to say good-bye, my friend."

"Ay, Master Harry, you will go to the Priory, of course; and, if you won't mind having my company, I'll go with you up to the gates. I would go with you farther than that, for love, Harry, if it was to the world's end; but you know what hinders. I can't leave them that would have to be left behind."

"It is not to be thought of, Tom. Besides, wherever I go, I must go alone. I shall have my own way to make, or, more likely, to perish in the attempt."

"You won't do that, sir; there's something tells me you won't do that, Master Harry," said Tom briskly. "Come, Harry, you must cheer up; you have told me that lesson yourself before now."

"So I have, Tom; but I suppose it is easier to preach than to practise. However, you shall have the opportunity of repeating my wise maxims as we go along, if indeed you intend to walk with me to the Priory. It will be a long walk, Tom; six miles."

"Not longer for me than for you, Master Harry; but you will have to wait a little while till I am ready. I won't be long."

"Be as long as you like. If my aunts are gone to bed, I must rouse them, that's all."

"Won't you step up to the forge, sir?—Harry, I mean," said Tom. "They'll mostly be glad to see you there. You are not forgotten, I can tell you. They were singing one of your old songs just now, though I couldn't join them."

"I heard it across the water, and—but no; I won't go; I will remain here."

Carey used no further persuasions; perhaps he was rather glad that Harry Rivers did not choose to present himself before his late father's old workmen in his fallen fortunes. So he disappeared, and, a few minutes later, had plunged into the lake, or pond, from another part of its banks, and was washing off the stains of his day's labour. Meanwhile, his companion took from the boat his travelling-cap, which he had thrown off in rowing, and a small valise, upon which he seated himself on the shore; then he quietly waited Tom's return.

Ten minutes sufficed for the forgerman's ablutions; and when he again made his appearance he was bright and ruddy, as well as clad from head to foot.

"I keep my clothes handy to the washing-place," he said, rejoining the captain; "and now I am ready, Master Harry. I'll carry your pack, if you please."

"No, no; let every man bear his own burden, Tom."

But Tom had hold of "the pack," and would not relinquish it. So they started on their walk to the Priory.

ABOUT BEES.

I.

MANY of our readers will, we doubt not, be surprised to learn how great a variety there is of these industrious

insects, Kirby in his valuable monograph describing no fewer than two hundred and fifty species, as found in Great Britain alone.

The hive or honey bee is of course the one with which people are most familiar, and respecting which so many volumes have been written that they would form a pretty large library by themselves. There are, however, some other species nearly as well known to dwellers in the country, such as the humble-bees, which are fat comfortable-looking creatures, and several of them very handsome. Some are black, banded across with white and gold; others of a rich yellowish brown. One, very frequently met with on hill-pastures, and on the flowers of thistles in autumn, was a great favourite with us in our boyish collecting days. It is entirely of a deep velvety black, with the exception of the last three segments of the abdomen, which are bright orange-red. Linnæus has remarked upon the especial diligence of this species in collecting honey.

The late James Wilson, of Woodville, an accomplished writer on natural history, whose friendship we were privileged to enjoy, thus writes of this genus: "There are few associations of our childhood more deep and lasting than those connected with the observation of these beautiful creatures, some of which are remarkable for their size, and the rich contrast which they exhibit of velvet-black and crimson, with bars of brilliant yellow. This splendid attire, however, saves them not from being rudely handled; and we remember having seen an artificial *bink*—that is, a little box, made of clay, with a piece of glass at one end, and a sprinkling of sugar at the other—which contained as many captives, in proportion to its size, as the Black Hole of Calcutta."

The carder-bees, so named by Reaumur, belong to this "humble" tribe. Their manner of preparing the materials of which their nests are constructed, and conveying them to the spot selected, is well worth attention. Their first business is to discover a cavity in some hedge-bank, or similar situation. If they cannot find one suitable, they excavate one for themselves, which they then roof over with a thick dome-shaped covering of moss or withered grass, which, or some similar substance, they have taken care should be close at hand. Their mode of transporting the moss is as follows:—Five or six bees arrange themselves in single file, with the hinder part of their bodies turned towards the nest. The bee at the head of the line takes a piece, and *cards* or felts it into a mass, which it pushes under its body and hands—if a thing can be *handed* by the feet—to the next, which passes it in like manner to the third, and so on. "Thus," says Reaumur, "the balls of moss are conveyed to the foot of the nest, and thence elevated to the summit, much in the same way that a file of labourers transfer a parcel of cheeses from a vessel or cart to a warehouse." These bees live in very small societies, seldom, according to Rennie, consisting of more than sixty individuals.

The nests of some of the solitary bees are exceedingly ingenious. Those of the mason-bee are constructed of earthy sands and small gritty fragments, which she cements together with her glutinous saliva into little pellets, and these, again, she fastens to each other, in the same way, till the structure is completed. The cells vary in number, not exceeding eight, and the substance of the whole mass soon becomes as hard as stone. There are several kinds of mason-bees. In the nest of one species, found by Rennie in the mortar of a wall, were two cells beautifully polished, and of the exact form and size of a lady's thimble.

It is probable that it was from observing the habits of some of the mason-bees that Aristotle was led into the

belief that the hive-bee supplied itself with ballast in a high wind, to avoid being blown away. Pliny makes the same mistake. He tells us, as his translator "Philemon Holland, Doctor of Physicke," quaintly gives the passage, with the old-fashioned indiscriminate use of u's and v's, "If haply there do arise a tempest or a storm whiles they be abroad, they catch vp some little stony greet to ballance and poise themselves against the wind. Some say that they take it and lay it vpon their shoulders." Pliny's History is a wonderful performance, considering the date when it was written; but he seems to have had, like most ancient authors, a great capacity for "swallowing" what was set before him, of which we may give for the present a single example. He tells us seriously, that if "a man giue to swine, among their meat, or in a morsell of bread, the brains of a rauē, they will follow him whithersoer he goes." Few people, we fancy, after this, would try the experiment. However, we must do Pliny the justice to say that he often cautiously qualifies his statements by such phrases as the one above, "Some say," and occasionally winds up some extra-absurd piece of information by the quiet remark, "But this I beleeeue not."

Almost every one, making common use of his eyes, must have seen, at one time or other, traces of the operations of the rose-leaf cutter bee. It is very interesting to watch this bee at work, and to mark the regularity of the curve in which the pieces are cut off—far more accurate than most of us could accomplish, except with the aid of a pair of compasses. Still more wonderful is the cylindrical nest which she constructs in the solid ground, or in the cavity of a wall. This nest is often as much as ten inches in depth, and after being excavated—a laborious work for a single insect—it is filled with cells, each containing one egg, with a supply of food for the grub when hatched. The cells are entirely composed of pieces of rose-leaves—not what are popularly called rose-leaves, which are, properly speaking, the petals of the flower—are about an inch long, and resemble so many thimbles placed one above another.

There is a very numerous family, which have been distinguished by the general appellation of carpenter-bees, which form their nests by tunnelling through solid wood. The labour undergone in this process may be imagined when it is stated that, in three or four days' time, one of these insects will excavate a space of fifteen inches long by half an inch in breadth, and that every portion, as it is gnawed off, has to be carried away. The sawdust is stored away close at hand, and afterwards, mixed with cement, is made use of in the formation of the cells.

Some bees are called miners, from their habit of drilling passages underground. Most of these bees are very small, some of them only a fourth part of the size of the hive-bee.

We shall only further, among the solitary bees, particularize the tribe designated upholsterers by Reaumur—under which head, perhaps, the leaf-cutter bee might have been described. Of these a very noticeable species is the poppy-bee, of which the observant naturalist just named has given a graphic account. "This little insect," he says, "as though fascinated with the colour most attractive to our eyes, invariably chooses for the hangings of her apartments the most brilliant scarlet, selecting for its material the petals of the wild poppy, which she dexterously cuts into the proper form. Beginning at the bottom, she overlays the walls of her mansion with this brilliant tapestry, extending it also on the surface of the ground. The bottom is rendered warm by three or four coats, and the sides have never less

than two." The French entomologist is of opinion that the bee is influenced in her choice by the softness and flexibility of the petals of the poppy; but one of our own writers observes that it is far from unlikely that her eye may be gratified by the brilliancy of the colouring. "Why," he asks, "should not an insect be supposed to have a glimmering of the value of ornament? How can we pronounce, from our limited notion of the mode in which the inferior animals think and act, that their gratifications are wholly bounded by the positive utility of the objects around them?"

The honey-bee is never found in this country in a truly wild state—nor, we believe, on the Continent—although combs have, on rare occasions, been discovered in hollow trees, the work of swarms which have escaped from civilized life. Mr. Curtis, in one of his very beautiful volumes on British Entomology, gives a drawing and description of a comb found by Lord Malmesbury on his property near Christchurch, in Hampshire, and which was pendent from the branch of a tree. The comb was a foot in length, and Mr. Curtis had the pleasure of seeing it before it was meddled with. "A comb," he remarks, "found on the outside of a tree is, I believe, without a parallel in the history of bees." We imagine he means an *unprotected* comb, as this was; for we find accounts, in several authors, of nests inclosing combs being met with in foreign countries, on or hanging from boughs of trees.

Colonies of wild bees (our British species) are very common in parts of North America; but these have been originally offsets from hives imported. This is shown by the fact that none are to be met with in remote and uninhabited districts. It is stated that these bees send off new colonies so frequently, and that the swarms often take such long flights, that their progress westward is at the rate of forty-three miles a year. Perhaps, as our authority suggests, "they have been smitten by the Yankee passion for settling beyond the clearings."

Mr. James Wilson speaks of bees in South America whose nests resemble bagpipes. Does he mean bagpipes, and all, we wonder? Bagpipes, as bagpipes, compose a singular enough looking affair, though we must confess to not sharing the Englishman's general dislike to the music; but a bagpipe nest must be a construction worth looking at.

Perhaps this may be the same species mentioned by the Spanish traveller D'Azara, as being found in Paraguay, building nests of clay two feet in length, and having a hard shell four inches thick. In attempting to break into one of them, he had to make use of a hatchet.

A small bee is met with in the island of Guadaloupe, the cells made by which are very curious. They are "about the size and shape of pigeons' eggs, and of a black or deep violet colour, and hang in clusters like a bunch of grapes."

Wild bees are abundant in Southern Africa, where the colonists are aided in their search after the nests by a bird called in consequence the honey-guide, which leads the seeker on from one spot to another, till it stops at the tree containing the precious store. It is supposed that the bird is afraid to attack so numerous a garrison, and that its instinct—or, shall we not rather say, its reason?—leads it to put the matter into the hands of a more powerful agent. Of course it expects to be rewarded with a portion of the spoil, which invariably happens, it being deemed a point of honour to fee the pilot. Pliny speaks in the following uncomplimentary fashion of a certain wild bee: of course it is impossible to guess

what species he alludes to; but probably it is one of the humble-bees. "There is," he says, "a kind of rusticall and wild bee; and such are more rough and hideous to see to; much angrier also, and fiercer than the rest: howbeit," he adds, "more laborious and painfull by farre."

According to the accounts of modern travellers, wild bees are found in great numbers in Palestine at the present day, as they were thousands of years ago, when we find it described in Scripture as "a land flowing with milk and honey." The bees there generally make their nests in caves and the clefts of rocks. This is also alluded to in the Old Testament. In the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy, Moses, in recounting God's care of his rebellious people, says, "He made him to suck honey out of the rock;" and the Psalmist speaks of "honey out of the stony rock."

We may here remark that the bee was included by the Mosaic law among the unclean animals; all insects being so classed, except a few specially enumerated; and honey was forbidden to be offered in sacrifice. Various reasons have been assigned by commentators for this prohibition, some of them fanciful enough. The most probable one is that, like many of the other enactments, it was intended as a mark of distinction between the Israelites and heathen nations, who were in the habit of using honey in their sacrifices.

There is a honey-bee domesticated in many parts of Italy which is quite a different species from ours, and is, we believe, the same which is met with in Greece. This bee has been of late years introduced into this country, and is distinguished by the name of "Ligurian," so called from one of the northern districts of Italy, the Liguria of the ancient Romans, also the Ligurian Republic of the epoch immediately following the French Revolution. We find it stated, by numerous contributors to the "Journal of Horticulture," that the Ligurians are vastly superior in their honey-gathering qualities, and more handsome than the common bees, but not so quiet to handle. One writer says, "They are perfect savages." A species of honey-bee, found in Madagascar, is of a bright shining black, and produces honey of a green colour. The native bee of Australia has no sting, and is of very small size, but stores up honey in great quantity. A singular fact, proving the great activity of these insects, is mentioned by Mitchell, the well-known explorer of the interior. Although, he remarks, his rifle was seldom suffered to lie long in inaction, he discovered one day, in the barrel, a deposit of wax and honey two inches in depth! But here we must stop for the present. Merely to give a passing glance at all the varied species of this interesting tribe would fill many pages. In a future paper we propose to afford our readers a peep into the apiarian experience of the ancients, some specimens of which will, we think, amuse them.

ANOTHER SWISS ROUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

I.—LONDON TO MEYRINGEN.

THIS time I took my wife with me, and met my old friend J—— in Switzerland. We arranged our route so as to take in places omitted in our first Swiss Round, especially on the southern side of the Alps. Our first destination was Meyringen, in the vale of Hasli; thence we proposed getting across to the upper part of the valley of the Rhone, and after spending a few days there, making a descent upon the Italian lakes over the Simplon, coming back by the Val Anzasca and the Monte

Moro, into the great Rhone valley. But more of these when we come to them.

We went, for shortness, by the old road, Mulhouse and Bâle. At 4.50, one hot Tuesday afternoon, in company with several returning Monsieurs and fresh-looking English tourists in new travelling-clothes, we left London Bridge Station for Folkestone Harbour. Pity the poor foreigners at an English railway-station! The civil athlete in corduroy, who pounces on their luggage, listens to their plaintive explanations with a face which says, "All right, Mossoo; we will get you out of England by the next train." But poor Mossoo is flustered and incredulous. Never mind: you will have the whip-hand of all these cockneys as soon as you get to Boulogne. While they stutter and stick fast, you will command the French cabman with native ease. And let me say that, though they do wear regulation hats, there is much more defiant audacity about French cabmen than is shown by ours. Cabby is civil enough if you are civil to him; but the privilege accorded to his foreign brother of asking for a *pour boire*, or something to drink, after every fare, always destroys the decision of a payment, and opens the door of contention directly that of the vehicle is shut.

For the present Mossoo sat in moody submission. In mental prospect were the beloved Boulevards and *cafés*, but first there was to come the sickening sea, which he hates. The air had been hot and heavy as we drove through Cheapside to the terminus; the little pennons on the masts near London Bridge were smutty and still; but as we turned off the main line down towards Folkestone Harbour, the tassels of the carriage blinds fluttered in the breeze, and the light of the evening sun showed the plunging expectant waves. Make up your mind to see the Channel rough.

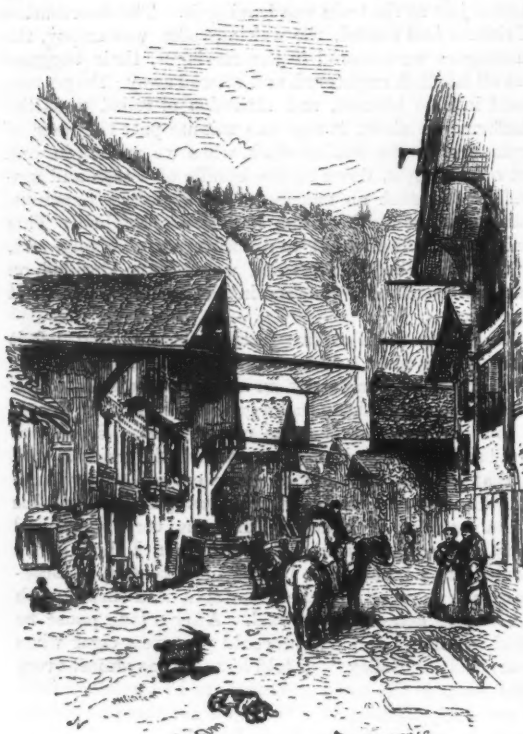
We got to Boulogne at half-past ten, and, after rescuing our luggage from some volunteers who carried it off into the darkness on a truck, reached the railway-station just as the train was leaving it. The distribution of tickets had ceased, the waiting-room was empty, the passengers were seated in the carriages, their baggage was all labelled, registered, and stowed away; the porters stood in blue blouses, and attitudes of relief, upon the platform; in short, it was one minute past the hour of departure, by the station clock, when we rushed in, and got off, all right, down to the bundle of wraps and umbrellas. In such an emergency, at a foreign terminus, make straight at the train, and speak English. This renders all polite verbal prohibitions unpromising, and, by the time the official mind would have decided on material resistance, you are in the carriage, and past hindrance.

We got to Paris at five in the morning, and left it in two hours, after a breakfast and a wash, for Bâle, or "Bailey," as a compatriot in our carriage insisted on pronouncing it. I have met a good many helpless people in my life, but this one was curiously so. He was so afraid of being left behind at the stations the train stopped at, that he dared not get out long enough to buy food, and was quite thankful when I brought him and his wife a handful of biscuits. He was very silent and dusty, but several times asked me when I thought we should get to "Bailey." I drew his attention to Bradshaw, and, showing him the time-table, said that French trains were generally punctual. After a long pause he asked whether I thought he could procure a cigar when we arrived at "Bailey." I told him that, as almost every other shop in the town appeared to be a tobacconist's, he could buy thousands. When we got there he bought one of the waiter at the "Trois Rois."

The next day we went straight, or at least as straight

as we could, from Bâle to Meyringen. If on leaving Boulogne we caught the train quickly, we were slow indeed at Bâle, and felt ourselves fairly among foreign railways again. The omnibus from the inn drove up to the terminus about forty minutes before the train started, and it took me exactly half an hour to get our tickets. Whenever you travel by Swiss rail, you seem always obliged to take Olten on the way. Having changed carriages there, we got to Thun without a break, and found omnibuses ready to take us to the boat, which left at once for Neuhaus, the "port" of Interlaken. Arrived there, we got into one of the ramshackle bell-bedecked native flies, and drove in jingling dust to the Brientz steamer. There were a good many people on board, but we dropped most of them at the Giesbach Falls, and stood across to the little town of Brientz.

We had now reached fresh ground, and yielded to the offers of the landlord of the "Bellevue," a new hotel some little way out of Brientz, to dine at his house, and then drive on to Meyringen in one of his carriages. We found a comfortable meal, a very pretty sunset view from the windows, and the attention which generally marks a rising inn. I have several times found old-established hotels presume on their reputation, especially on the Continent, where a winter comes between the experience of tourists. A man gets his name well in Murray's Handbook, keeps it there by his deserts till it appears in several successive editions, and travellers go freely to his door. Then comes the tempting reflection, "Why not raise my prices by putting on a little more money, or cutting off a little of the entertainment I supply? People drive away from my door unable to find room. A franc a head per day, added or saved in each bill, would raise my income at the rate of a thousand a year." What wonder we find those guide-book worshippers, who must go to this or that bepraised inn, occasionally bled beyond endurance?



THE STREET OF MEYRINGEN.

But we must be trotting on to Meyringen. It was so dusk that the chief thing which struck us in the drive was the flatness of the road. Here and there we heard our old friend the Aar, which runs down the vale of Hasli; but all we saw of Meyringen as we approached was a candle or two in the windows and the inside of the hostler's hand, who thus sheltered one to light us as we got out of our carriage into the "Hotel du Sauvage."

Next morning we explored the place. The village is one of the most pleasing in the Oberland. It is both clean and picturesque. A clear stream which flashes through in a trough, and several fountain spouts, supply the people with plenty of water, which they use. The beauty of the place is of a kind which grows upon you. The houses are detached, but gathered mainly about a rambling street, which might have been built by a scene-painter—only he would not have done it so well. They are of wood, weather-stained, carved, galleried, and draped with vines and creepers. The whole effect is intensely Swiss, especially if you walk down from the church towards the "Hotel du Sauvage." At each end of the vista between the houses is a striking view of a cascade, which you might think the street was arranged to embrace. The hills around are happily broken with rock and pine, having here and there lawnlike hollows of short turf, and varied waterfalls. Some shoot clear off overhanging shelves with a sounding plunge; others spread themselves out silently over slopes of smooth rock, showing white and thin, like lace; others tumble down in masses and broken haste.

On one side the lower hills are topped by a double range of mountains, the last bright with glacier and snow. Those on the other side divide the valley from that which leads from the Brunig to Lucerne. Looking upwards, away from Brientz, you see the commencement of the two passes of the Grimsel and the Susten. The former I had, on the first Swiss Round, descended to within a few miles of Meyringen; the other leads to Wasen, on the St. Gothard road. Still to the left of this there is another, the Joch, up which we proposed to make an excursion.

Our inn was the cleanest I ever knew in Switzerland. It was washed and scrubbed daily, with almost Dutch care. Nothing could exceed the attention of M. and Mme. Baud, the host and hostess, and the pleasant little waiter, who scudded about all day with untiring civility. The view from the back of the inn is very beautiful. You look up the gorge which leads to Rosenlaui, upon the glacier of that name, and the peaks of the Wetterhorn. In the foreground, across the flat valley, are the falls of the Reichenbach. In staying two or three days in the valley, do not stop at this latter place; the view from it is much less striking than that from Meyringen.

We walked to the falls after strolling about the village. All the best points of approach have been taken possession of by chalets, the occupiers of which make you pay for the view. That which commands the principal fall is skirted by a hoarding so high and close that the tourist is compelled to pay the fee or lose the sight. You hear the roar of the cascade, and go up some steps into a house, the back windows of which open right upon it. Generally they are closed by shutters, which are not thrown back till the spectator is placed in his proper spot. Then the attendant flings them wide open, and you look. The suddenness of this view does perhaps add to its effect; but I don't like working my way to any grand natural sights through fees and flunkeyism. It is a good thing to climb, or



THE REICHENBACH FALLS.

wait, or in any way work hard for what you enjoy; but this fashion of making a peep-show of the sublime, at sixpence a head, is offensive. They didn't actually make a charge in this particular chalet, but pointed out a book of fees on a table close by the open window. I think this is worse. I don't know anything in the world of small financial irritation more provoking than "I will leave it to you, sir." These people gave us the book, a pen, and a smile. I remember the whole process quite as distinctly as the fall itself.

This, however, is very beautiful. I know no spot where the tourist can better study the *arrowy* character of a waterfall. The stream here is considerable, and takes a fine buoyant header off a shelf of rock upon the hard stone floor of the chasm below. Of course it bursts and splashes off all round, with much noise, and flings so much spray up the sides of the basin into which it leaps, as to provide materials for a number of baby falls, which run back like young ones to their parent. These cascades make a mist so thick as to wet you through in a short time. But the most striking feature in the composition of such a fall as that of the Reichenbach is its *arrowy* character. It is like a sheaf of water-rockets, rushing downwards. The moment the stream leaps clear of the rock it begins to form these barbed shoots, as if it wished to pierce the stones beneath.

We lunched in the room from which the falls are shown, as the people there sell bread and wine, and then took a stroll on the other side of the valley, to the fall of the Alphach. This is the curse of the place, as the material through which it flows sometimes comes down with it in such abundance as to flood the village with mud. The stream rises, brings down the soft soil of its banks, and then gets choked at the narrow cleft whence it ought always to issue into the Meyringen valley. Meanwhile the mud accumulates above at compound speed, till there is a lake of it. Then the barrier gives way, and the people of Meyringen find themselves up to the middle in their neighbours' scum. You may like the wealth of your friend's farm to flow into your home, but not in this shape. A large stone-paved channel is now made to lead the Alphach safe and straight into the Aar. They say it serves its purpose. At any rate it makes a fine bath for the little boys, who strip and lie down in it when the stream is low and the sun is hot.

There is a beautiful walk just above the Alphach, up some broad zigzags, from which the scenery of the valley shows its special charms. Indeed, there are numerous varied excursions around Meyringen, which we stayed there long enough to appreciate though not to exhaust. It is the centre of six well-known roads, but there are many more used by the country people, and quite easy.

After dinner the waiter told me that the Schwing-feste, or wrestling-match between the men of Hasli and Unterwalden, was to be held the next morning on the Engstli Alp, about two hours and a half above the village; so I desired him to get breakfast ready in good time, as I should go myself.

It was about half-past seven, however, the next morning when I walked up the zigzags beyond the Alphach fall, in the direction indicated by the waiter. As the day was a great one for the Meyringen people, I expected to have seen many on the road; but I was alone. The path soon reached a table, or rather shelf of land, and then, traversing this, I mounted the hill-side beyond it. The scenery was lovely. Picturesque cottages and park-like grass, with irregular groups of large trees, lay im-

mediately around me; in front the hills rose again, huge swells of Alp or pasturage, dotted here and there with a dark brown chalet; beneath me was the vale of Hasli, and beyond it the opposite low range, above which the snowy peaks of the Wetterhorn shone white in the sun. But they were soon all hid, for clouds came down, and though they were dry enough, shut off not only the view of the mountain, but that of the path. While it was clear I had made my way towards a summit near which I knew the gathering was to be held. Now the summit was gone, and I had got fairly into the cloud region, with the smallest inkling of my path, and no compass. After looking and turning round several times, I had not the slightest idea which way to go. Presently I came to a cluster of chalets, but there was not a soul near them. At last I heard a great hollowing at a distance, and, giving chase to it, found in time that it proceeded from three rustics who were guiding some companions to their path. "Are you going to the Schwing-feste?" says I. "Yah," they replied; so I shortened sail and followed astern. Presently we emerged from the stratum of clouds upon the shoulder of a hill over which my friends told me the games were held. In a few minutes we came upon the place, a small flat plot of grass with rising turf banks on which the people of Hasli and Unterwalden respectively sat tier above tier. We found ourselves on the Hasli side. The great body of the Unterwalden people had not arrived. My companions greeted friends, and I, having none there, looked about me. The grass arena was surrounded, at the height of about twenty feet up the bank, by a fringe of wine-casks under umbrellas. They had been brought up on men's shoulders, and were thus shaded from the sun. The arena itself was occupied by three or four couples, who danced upon the green. A thin sprinkling of Unterwalden people sat on the opposite bank, every now and then looking up the range of grass hills behind them, over the ridge of which they expected to see their friends and champions approach. Presently they came almost all together, and charged down the slope with a chorus of ululation. It was a defiant war-cry, and I could hear strife in the sound. The friends of the rival wrestlers soon settled themselves down on their respective banks, and the umpires cleared the arena; the last to move off it being some pigs, which snouted away and flicked their tails in total unconcern of the whole matter. The pigs belonged to a solitary chalet which stood some hundred yards off, and which was made, for the day, into a public-house.

There was no Englishman present but myself. The whole affair was a genuine one, and quite unlike some which are occasionally got up for show in places where tourists resort. The chatter of the crowds soon ceased, and the rulers of the games brought forward the first two pair of wrestlers. They wore their ordinary shirts and trousers, but over these last they put on very strong drawers, by the waistband of which each man held his opponent. None wore any shoes. There was perfect silence when the first pair came together. Each washed his arms with white wine, shook hands, knelt down, laid hold of the waistband of his adversary before and behind, and tried to turn him on his back. It was a sullen, graceless exhibition as long as the men remained thus writhing on their knees, but occasionally, when they rose to their feet, there was an exciting struggle. All was conducted with fairness and propriety. Whenever a champion was victorious his friends on the bank yelled applause; and then he went round among them with a hat, and got a heap of coppers. There was no sport but the wrestling; no races, leaping, or hurling. Pair after

pair came down into the grass-plot and tugged at their respective waistbands. Some of the men were well built, and showed remarkably muscular forearms. I noticed this to a German gentleman who sat by me on the grass, and spoke English well. "Ah," said he, "that is caused by milking: when a man milks for hours every day he gets such a bundle of muscles as you see."

There was only one really fine figure among the wrestlers, and he was apparently the best man on the Unterwalden side, for they kept him to the last. The Hasli representative was a clumsy round-shouldered fellow, but with an ominously dogged look, and limbs like a horse. He walked up with a straw in his mouth; and the excitement of the day rose to its highest pitch when this last pair were locked in silent grapple. Three times they hugged and spent their breath, being obliged to unclasp without an inch of gain on either side. Then the Unterwalden champion lost his temper, and, the umpires coming forward, forbade him to try again. I never saw a man in such a rage. He shook like one in a fit, and it took four of his friends to keep him down. He tried, among other things, to throw his boots at his rival—so fierce was his resentment. This closed the games, which I was glad to have seen, as they take a high place in Swiss life; but they were very dull and monotonous. The victory resulted slightly in favour of the Hasli people, who probably prized it all the more. An easily won triumph has few charms.

All day I had been hearing much from the German gentleman and two friends of his on the poorness of the play and their own skill.

They could do this and that. Bah! they would show me the wayback to Meyringen without troubling the path, if I liked. "Very well," says I; and away they went, bragging, puffing, and sneering at me for being the last in the descent. As they had alpenstocks, and I had only an umbrella, it was hardly a fair race, for the alpenstock is of most use in descending steep and rough ground. However, I kept close at their heels till within a quarter of an hour of the bottom, when they bounded down with undisguised scorn and left me. This was what I wanted. I had noticed a short cut to the inn, under a wall, from the bottom of the path. So, directly they were out of sight, I ducked down, ran to it as fast as I could, sat down on a bench outside the door, put my legs up, and lighted a cigar. In about two minutes my gentlemen came crowding round the corner, to find the stranger they had challenged and derided taking his ease. They had shown themselves so ostentatiously conceited of their prowess, that I could not resist a little quiet triumph, and said nothing about the short cut. So I sat there till they came up, and then went in to get ready for dinner.

The Swiss athletes did not give me a high idea of their powers. I had seen what I have reason to believe was an important and characteristic exhibition of them; but there was nothing like the grace and agility shown on an average English cricket-field. The men are no doubt marvellously strong. I am sure some of them could carry—say a sack of flour—for miles. They are as strong as donkeys, and can run down-hill without jarring their necks or knees. But when you have said this you have said nearly all you can in praise of their gymnastics. They are more enduring than active, and when they climb, which is the great national pace, show, to my eye, much more of the sloth than the chamois. They plod and screw themselves on with perfect surefootedness, but seldom with any movement which is related to a bound. I except the descent of hills, where they can guide the effect of the law of gravitation upon themselves

with wonderful ease. There is a proverb here which says, "No money, no Swiss." It may be doubted whether they have, as a people, any natural enterprise about their mountains, and ever took seriously to climbing them till they began to be paid by tourists for doing so. What does a goatherd care about the top of the peak? He toils after his froward charge because they bring him a living; but why should he be more adventurous than they? Why should he go where there is no grass? All at once the peasant awakes to the fact that foreign, ruddy-faced, long-pursed tourists want to find their way mainly where it is least plain, and that, though they possess knapsacks, they seldom carry them themselves. Thus the crags and glaciers become fruitful, and the lad qualifies himself as a guide or porter, in places the only attraction to him of which is that some one will pay him for going there. The scenery he cares most for is a handful of money. No doubt there are a few enthusiasts among the Swiss themselves; but you may depend upon it most of them would make their peaks into turnip-fields if they could, and change their summer snow into manure.

I was riding once by moonlight through a famous valley, when I fell into conversation with a Swiss about his native land.

"Do you live in this part of the country?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"It is very beautiful," I said.

"Ah!" he rejoined, with some show of enthusiasm, "it is indeed, monsieur; it bears excellent potatoes."

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

AMONG the incidents of the sad strife in America, the battle between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" will be always one of the most memorable. It was the first time that iron-plated ships had been tried in actual war. The "Merrimac" was a rudely extemporized vessel, yet the old ships of war were instantly driven aside, and the superiority of iron over wood terribly tested. The hostile encounter with the "Monitor" was more doubtful in its issue; but enough was seen to bring about a total revolution in naval warfare. The European Governments recognised the importance of that brief contest. M. Girard, special commissioner for the French Emperor, refers to it as the beginning of a new epoch in war.

When the "Merrimac" left Norfolk, on the 8th March, 1862, her object was to destroy the wooden vessels which held the entrance of the port. The Confederates had no idea of the proximity of the "Monitor," and consequently but little foresaw what was to follow. After having fired the "Congress," sunk the "Cumberland," damaged the "Minnesota," riddled the "St. Laurent," disabled the "Ericsson" and several gun-boats, and silenced some neighbouring forts—although defended by 2899 men and 230 guns—the "Merrimac" offered battle to the "Monitor," which a mere chance, so they say, had brought to the spot. After an indecisive combat, the two champions simultaneously relinquished the struggle. This combat took Europe by surprise. Another battle was necessary to decide the question of superiority. In the first encounter the two vessels had not fought with equal arms. The "Merrimac," only expecting to have to deal with wooden vessels, had not a single shot on board; she was merely provided with shells. The Confederates kept this matter secret, but waited impatiently for another trial of strength. A month later the "Merrimac" was ready, and steamed out to renew the interrupted engagement. The "Monitor," for some unexplained

reason, refused to accept the challenge of her adversary. She sought refuge under the cannon of Fort Monroe. Since then both the ships have disappeared from the scene. The "Merrimac" was destroyed by her own officers, and the "Monitor" foundered in trying to double Cape Hatteras. But the Brooke guns and the projectiles have survived these disasters.

M. Girard's military report describes the subsequent experience as to means of attack and defence at the siege of Charleston and elsewhere. His report is most valuable to professional readers; but our notice being confined to one historical event, we give to our readers descriptions by two eye-witnesses of the scene represented in our coloured engraving. The first extract is from the statement of one of the crew of the "Cumberland":—

"Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, a sudden excitement was observable on board our gallant vessel. For myself I was not keeping a very good look-out, as I was not at the time detailed for that service, and sailors do not usually attend to more than is required of them. Soon came the booming of signal guns, and in a remarkably short space of time the crew were called to quarters and 'prepared for action.' Then I had time to look around me and see what it all meant. Away off in the direction of Sewell's Point were seen four or five distinct volumes of smoke, and shortly after, with the aid of a small glass, I saw what appeared to me to be the roof of a house moving along in the water, on a line nearly parallel with the rebel batteries there. This novel-looking vessel soon changed its course, however, and pointed its bows directly towards us. Our guns were all shotted, every man was at his post, and word went around the ship, 'That's the "Merrimac."'" This fact, however, seemed to alarm no one. Faith in the power and efficiency, not to say impregnability of our vessel, was a peculiar characteristic on board the 'Cumberland.' How well founded the idea was you will soon see. It was now about two o'clock, and another movement of surprise was observable—another proof that sorrows 'come in battalions.' Another signal gun from the shore, close to us this time. Turning our eyes up James River, we saw our quondam friend the 'Patrick Henry' (the old 'Jamestown' of the New York and Richmond line), accompanied by the 'Yorktown,' a vessel that has been her consort in her more peaceful pursuits. These last vessels, armed to the teeth, steamed down and joined the smoking, queer-looking thing below. They soon began to get uncomfortably near. We were all anxiously waiting for the command to 'give it to them.' At last an order was given, and two of our heaviest 'playthings' spoke out their compliments, and sent their substantial respects to the monster, which still appeared to be making for us particularly. To our intense disgust, not to say astonishment, the two solid iron messengers, after having been so well directed as to strike against our antagonist fairly and squarely, ricocheted from her roof and disappeared in the distance beyond. On she came, without returning the compliment, and we occasionally giving her a taste of our metal, until within, I should judge, about a hundred yards of us, when she suddenly yawed around, and we had no more than time to count five guns on her side before their contents came crashing through our bulwarks. We gave her as many as she sent, with some by way of interest, but it did not seem to affect her in the slightest. Then the 'Congress,' which was lying farther down, and the water battery of heavy columbiads on the Point, commenced playing upon the monster, in a way which must have given those on board a very good idea of a severe hailstorm. But the only notice she took of them

was to occasionally throw a shell or two into or over the camps at the News. She entirely ignored the existence of the American frigate 'Congress.'

"In less time than I have been writing the last ten lines our antagonist steamed round and came up within forty yards of us, and gave us another of those terrible broadsides. The shrieks of the wounded were heart-rending to hear; but a sailor in action has no time to think of anything but his work, and such of our guns as were not disabled still kept up their fire. But our rival now adopted different tactics. Drawing off a few hundred yards, she put on a full head of steam and came directly at us for the purpose of running us down. She struck our port side, as near as I could judge (for I was thrown completely across the deck from the force of the collision) about opposite the foremast, making a tremendous cavity below our water-line. The water came rushing in, in spite of all efforts to prevent it, and it was soon noised around that we were sinking. This rumour had hardly time to go through the ship when the monster had disengaged herself, and was again coming at us at the top of her speed. There was no escaping, of course, but all who were left alive and uninjured managed to seize something wherewith to withstand the force of the blow. On she came, striking us in the waist. The crash was terrific. The good old ship careened over fearfully; men, guns, everything, were tossed about the deck promiscuously. Many were injured; and, as the rebels could see as well as we that we could do them little harm, our antagonist now directed her attention to the batteries on shore and the 'Congress.'

"Of course every one on our ship sought personal safety. Many of the boats had been injured; but in those left such of the wounded as could be readily got at were placed, and all who could get in or around the boats were hurried to the shore. As for me, I climbed up in the rigging, with many others, and was almost displaced from my seat when the ship gave a final lurch. At last, however, a steam-tug came out from the wharf at Newport's News, and we were all picked up and carried in safety to *terra firma*.

"Of course all was excitement and alarm on shore. Some of us assisted in working the heavy guns of the water battery; but the most of the defunct 'Cumberland's' crew had had 'enough fight' for one day. Soon after we got on shore we saw the 'Congress' hoist a white flag as a token of surrender. Shortly after six, or between that hour and seven, the whole rebel fleet departed in the direction of Craney Island.

"At about ten o'clock last night we heard at our camp here of the arrival of the 'Monitor,' and in the cabin in which I am writing this I can tell you the intelligence was received with three hearty cheers. During last night the 'Congress' was burnt. Whether she was fired by the rebels or by our own forces from the Point here I have not learnt. Of the fight this forenoon, between the 'Merrimac' and the 'Monitor,' I saw but little, but heard enough to satisfy me that the antagonist of our good old ship met her match and more too. As I had lost my little glass at the sinking of the 'Cumberland,' I had no means of seeing the interloper driven off in such excellent style by Lieutenant Worden and his brave crew."

A correspondent who witnessed the second conflict gives the following full account, commencing where the "Merrimac" first meets the "Monitor":—

"At first the rebel craft seemed nonplused, and hesitated, no doubt in wonderment, at the queer-looking machine approaching her. The 'Merrimac' then closed the distance between her and the 'Monitor' until they

were within a mile of each other. Both batteries stopped. The 'Merrimac' fired a shot at the 'Minnesota,' to which no reply was made. The rebel craft then fired at the 'Monitor;' the latter replied, hitting the 'Merrimac' near the water-line. The 'Merrimac' then commenced firing very rapidly, first from her stern gun at the 'Monitor,' and then her broadside guns, occasionally firing a shot at the 'Minnesota.' The fight went on in this way for an hour or two, both vessels exchanging shot pretty freely. Sometimes the 'Merrimac' would retire, followed by the 'Monitor,' and *vice versa*. While the fight between the batteries was going on, one hundred solid nine-inch shot were sent up from Fortress Monroe on the steamer 'Rancocas' to the 'Minnesota.' At a quarter past ten o'clock the 'Merrimac' and 'Monitor' had come into pretty close quarters, the former giving the latter two broadsides in succession. These were promptly replied to by the 'Monitor.' The firing was so rapid that both craft were obscured in columns of white smoke for a moment or more. The rampart of the fort, the rigging of the vessels in port, the houses, and the bend, were all covered with sailors, soldiers, and civilians. When the rapid firing alluded to took place these spectators were singularly silent, as if doubtful as to the result. Their impatience was soon removed by the full figure of the 'Monitor,' with the Stars and Stripes flying at her stern, steaming around the 'Merrimac,' moving with the ease of a duck on the water. The distance between the vessels was forty feet. In this circuit the 'Monitor's' guns were not idle, as she fired shot after shot into her antagonist, two of which, it is alleged, penetrated the 'Merrimac's' sides.

"At eleven A.M. the 'Minnesota' opened fire, and assisted the 'Monitor' in engaging the 'Merrimac.' She fired nine-inch solid shot with good accuracy, but with apparently little effect. The 'Merrimac' returned the fire, firing shell, one of which struck and exploded the boiler of the gunboat 'Dragon,' which was alongside the 'Minnesota,' endeavouring to get her off. By this unfortunate affair Joseph McDonald, sailor, was seriously scalded. For the next hour the battle raged fiercely between the 'Merrimac' on the rebel side and the Union vessels, the 'Monitor,' 'Minnesota,' and 'Whitehall,' but with no particular result. The 'Minnesota' being the best mark for the 'Merrimac,' the latter fired at her frequently, alternately giving the 'Monitor' a shot. The 'Merrimac' made several attempts to run at full speed past the 'Monitor,' to attack and run down the 'Minnesota.' All these attempts were parried, as it were, by the 'Monitor.' In one of these attempts by the 'Merrimac' she ran her plough or ram with full force against the side of the 'Monitor,' but it only had the effect of careening the latter vessel in the slightest degree. The rebel boats 'Yorktown' and 'Patrick Henry' kept a safe distance from the 'Monitor.' The former vessel, at the beginning of the fight, had the temerity to come within respectable range of the 'Monitor.' The latter fired one shot at her, entering her pilot-house, carrying it away, and no doubt killing a number of rebels. She retired out of range.

"The fight raged hotly on both sides, the opposing batteries moving round each other with the skill, ease, and dexterity of expert pugilists. The 'Merrimac,' though the strongest, did not move with the dexterity of her antagonist; hence the 'Monitor' had the advantage of choice of position. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, noon, Lieutenant Hepburn, the signal officer on the ramparts at Fortress Monroe, reported to General Wool that the 'Monitor' had pierced the sides of the 'Merrimac,' and in a few minutes the latter was in full retreat, heading

for Sewell's Point, and chased for a few minutes by the 'Monitor.' The 'Merrimac' has evidently suffered to some extent, and it was thought at one time that she was sinking. After she got safely under the guns of the rebel battery at Sewell's Point, she stopped and signalled for help from her consorts, who were beating a retreat. Subsequently two tugboats or gunboats went alongside and took her in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk. This ended the engagement."

AMELIA SIEVEKING.

I.

AMONG social questions of the present day, that of the employment of women seems one of the most exigent; not alone the employment of those who are dependent for daily bread on their daily work, but also of that large class who are afflicted with the dire affliction of "nothing to do," who have energies running to waste on acres of embroidery and perches of weak water-colour drawings, while they might be fellow-workers with the Divine Benefactor in alleviating the miseries and adding to the happiness of the great human family.

We have been interested in the life of Amelia Sieveking,* as demonstrating what a true-hearted woman can do when with a willing mind she sets herself to look for opportunities of usefulness in every-day life; as demonstrating also how one of the oft-times despised class, old maids, may become, without brilliant personal or mental gifts, more honoured and honourable than are scores of "mothers in Israel." As her biographer writes, "Amelia Sieveking was what she was, and her works were crowned by that blessing without which no human effort prospers, not so much in consequence of any extraordinary natural gifts or powers, as by virtue of that consecration of heart, that singleness of purpose and harmony of operation, which are imparted by the unreserved surrender of the soul to the service of God." And in the service of God in this world, meaning mainly the service of suffering and ignorant and ruined humanity for his sake, it came to pass that Amelia Sieveking devoted herself to such philanthropic employments as entitle her to be called the Florence Nightingale of Germany.

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Constantly do we find this inspired aphorism exemplified in the histories of persons who have become distinguished. The discipline of pain and endurance seems to be a necessary part of the providential education of such. Amelia Sieveking was no exception to the rule. Born at Hamburg in 1794, she lost her mother ere she had completed her fifth year; and so loveless and joyless was her childhood, that once, when asked why she frequently wept, the touching answer was, "I am so unhappy because nobody calls me *dear* Milly, and nobody cares for me." A series of "very dry instructors" taught her the usual matters of education; but she had the misfortune to have a rationalistic tutor during some of the most impressible years of her youth—one who taught her religion without the Bible, and explained everything away on neologian principles. The taint darkened her soul even after she reached womanhood.

Much, in the childhood of herself and her brothers, reminds us of the Brontë children at Haworth Parsonage: the same stony aspect did life wear to each; they grew up without endearments, and whatever happiness they

* "Life of Amelia Sieveking." From the German. Edited by Catharine Winkworth. Longmans.

had was made by one another. Edward, Peter, Amelia, and Gustavus, the sons and daughter of the senator Sieveking, were often left to themselves for days in the old country house outside the gates of Hamburg, and indulged in quaint amusements, pretending to be Robinson Crusoes on some desolate island, or poor children who had to earn money for their parents by out-door work in the garden. Then at night they would tell each other fairy stories and adventures spun from their own little brains. Sometimes the eldest brother would read aloud the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," or Becker's "Universal History," or Campe's "Travels;" and they would also try composition—write stories of robbers, and romantic dramas. A literary academy was founded by the four, Amelia being eleven years old. A fundamental rule was of essays being read aloud each fortnight for joint criticism. Amelia's subject once was Diogenes, always a favourite character, another time the praise of war. When she and Gustavus, her pet brother, were occasionally brought to a rich uncle's house among troops of noisy children, they would steal away from them, even in tears; so shy did this manner of life render them, and so incapable of the ordinary sports of youth.

Perhaps the leading principle in Amelia Sieveking's life was the desire to be of use to others: it is interesting to trace its earliest workings in the case of some very poor relations in America, for whom she helped to make clothes. Thus early, also, she learned that doing good must oftentimes be its own reward, and was discouraged by the ingratitude of a carpenter's wife whom she relieved. The lesson was needful. Many popular books, inciting the young to charitable efforts, have the injurious inaccuracy of representing such efforts as uniformly successful, and uniformly rewarded with thankfulness.

Miss Sieveking thus describes the religion of this period: "When I was still but a child, and had not as yet learnt to know Christ as the Son of God, as my Redeemer and the only source of happiness, there nevertheless awakened in my soul a strong desire to become good and virtuous. I kept a moral diary; I imposed on myself small punishments of my own invention, such as walking with pebbles in my shoes, as penances for my faults; I wished also to perform good works, and secretly gave away some of my pocket-money to the poor. But I was surprised to find that the remembrance of former punishments very seldom had any power to arm me against temptation when it next approached, and that the good works I did in secret afforded me very much less pleasure than those for which I received the praise of men." She was also much harassed with the religious doubts her neologian tutor had assiduously sown. An example of genuine earnest Christian faith was before her eyes in the person of a dear old friend, Madame Dimpfel, with whom she lived after her father's death, respecting whom she writes in the same book whence the above extract is taken, "Her whole life and being were pervaded by a youthful cheerfulness; and whoever wished to know whence she drew her brightness need only once hear her narrate stories from the Bible, or speak of any of the great truths of religion, to see what it was that filled her heart, and that her joy was truly a joy in the Holy Ghost. No doubt her religion was more a matter of the heart than of the head; and hence, in the pride of my intellectual culture, I regarded her only as an amiable enthusiast. I left her house without having attained to a true evangelical faith, but I carried with me a precious seed of truth; an interest in the word of God was awakened in me, such as I had never felt before, and with it a desire, though its fulfilment indeed

seemed unattainable, that I might one day be able to believe like her; and like her be a partaker of the great joy of faith."

Thus Amelia Sieveking struggled through darkness into light for a considerable time. Not until she laid aside all human books, and was content to take the Bible alone as her authority and guide, and to submit her mind to it in humility, did she obtain the rest in faith which she so earnestly sought, and was able to see that the Lord Jesus Christ was indeed her personal Redeemer.

Before this epoch in her soul's life she had groped about for work, and, after some interval, found the two pursuits which were to be her true vocations—teaching the young and nursing the sick. Her talent for the management of children showed itself when she was only fifteen: being in the house with a wayward spoiled little girl of ten, she established complete control over her by the exercise of tact and judgment. Shortly afterwards came her first effort at teaching; for, seeing a poor peasant-girl rejected from the confirmation-class of which she was herself a member, owing to reading badly, and finding her weeping bitterly under a tree as she went home, Amelia offered to give lessons in reading. Miss Sieveking's main employment about this time was one she found intolerable, but which was forced on her by necessity of circumstances, that of embroidering for money. "It is something frightful," she writes to her brother Edward, "to have toiled as hard as I can for a whole day, and to know at the end that the only thing I have accomplished is that some one will possess an embroidered pillow-case, who would sleep just as well upon a plain one. All I want is to spend my strength upon things that have some worth and use in them." At a later period she writes, "I looked around for some vocation that should satisfy both my intellect and my heart, and the Lord suffered me to find it in the instruction of youth, which furnished me henceforward with the best weapon against my constitutional indolence."

Strange words these last seem to any person who has studied her story in this volume, and read of her self-abnegation in all things; and the fact that "indolence was the vice of her nature," recorded by herself, only proves how thorough was the conquest which was granted to her over a constitutional sin. No one in after-life seemed so completely to sink self out of sight.

Her educational labours (always gratuitous, be it remembered) began with a little school of six pupils, when she was eighteen years of age. "I know very well," she says, "that mere intellectual instruction forms the smallest part of education, and that one can do much more for children by constant superintendence, and by setting a good example. I think I may give much benefit by heartily encouraging every impulse to good, and directing the attention, at every suitable opportunity, to the greatness and goodness of God." It is disappointing after this to find that she taught them various orthodox doctrines, under protest, as it were, telling them that she did not herself believe them—the neologian leaven working still, and not being driven out till she was twenty-five. In other respects her system seems to have been admirable, and always improving. "The last half-hour of school I give to play, in order that the children may get to know and love each other, while it also gives me the best opportunity for becoming acquainted with their different characters." Strong good sense and amiable feeling are evinced in this regulation. She speaks elsewhere of her "sweet dream of winning the children's hearts for life." "A loving heart

is far more necessary to the children than knowledge." From her own loveless childhood she had brought this bitter piece of experience, wherewith to help her in making other lives happy.

Even earlier than her school-labours had been her training to the other great vocation of her existence, nursing the sick. Not long after her father's death, which had left her a dependant, with the exception of a small pension from a public fund allotted to the daughters of senators, a wealthy widow-lady, who was a distant relative, offered her a home. Amelia was to help her in taking care of her son, a youth of twenty, who was subject to severe fits of illness, and required constant attention. It was a sombre life for the young girl, who indeed disliked it very much at first; but here was more of the education of Providence for herself. After his death an old aunt of Madame Brünne-mann's, Amelia's protectress, fell ill, and necessitated a further continuance of the new-found talent of nursing. Thus Miss Sieveking was something more than an amateur when in 1831 she took the daring step of entering the cholera hospital of Hamburg, and devoting herself to the service of the sick there.

A long lapse of years lay between these events, filled in with teaching. A school for twelve poor girls was established, in whose education she took a considerable part. Conscientiousness was a main excellence of her character, and she would never undertake anything which she did not feel adequately sure of carrying through. When she found that her own pupils exceeded in number what she could fully superintend, she cut off one of her classes, and received only the elder children thenceforth. "Having undertaken too much remains as a blunder in my life," she writes to her darling brother Gustavus, the recipient of all her confidences; "but it shall be a warning to me for the future. We ought never voluntarily so to extend our sphere of labour that our activity becomes an inharmonious disorderly struggle, in which we constantly lose that power of calm reflection and clear mastery over our life on which so much of our own best happiness and usefulness to others depends. In the golden rule of moderation lies undoubtedly the essential condition of all stable human happiness."

This dear brother Gustavus was the greatest joy and the deepest sorrow of Amelia Sieveking's life. He was younger than herself, so that something of the protective care of the mother mingled with the devoted love of the sister, in her feelings towards him. When the home of childhood was broken up her greatest grief was the needful separation. When he went to the university of Leipsic she writes, "A dreary time for me! I feel the absence of Gustavus through its influence on everything else: my heart is so heavy, so dead to all enjoyment. What is this? I do not know, but it is indescribably painful, and must be altered. I must find courage for life." Napoleon's escape from Elba made soldiers of half Europe. Gustavus Sieveking became a volunteer in the cavalry, marched for France, and assisted in the Waterloo campaign. Laying down his arms then, he took to theological studies, and became a minister of the Lutheran Church. The brother and sister were bound in the bands of no ordinary love; their correspondence was intimate and perpetual, each pouring out to the other the inmost feelings of the soul. What, then, was Amelia Sieveking's grief when a sudden illness terminated his life at Berlin, before she could even see him! Never had she passed through such deep waters of trial as in this bereavement. "A turning-point in my life," she writes. "What need for any

memorial of that which is burnt into my heart? Alas, my noble, my incomparable brother! His departure has left a blank in my earthly life that can never be filled up; but my sorrow for him shall make me holier."

Previous to this trouble she had refused many invitations to visit her eldest brother in England, being unwilling to leave her little school for any time. But now she went, to draw closer the single tie of the old homestead that remained to her poor mourning heart.

London delighted her with its wealth and activity, and she brought back from it—for she was always practical in her aims—a very tolerable proficiency in the English language. After her return a terrible fire occurred in some houses near the one she lived in, and she heard in the morning that five persons had perished in the flames. Miss Sieveking felt the catastrophe most painfully. "For the first few days it seemed to have taken away all my pleasure in life. I think and think over all that might have been done to save the poor creatures, and what a heavenly joy it would have been to have borne even the smallest part in doing it; and the awful words, 'Too late! too late!' ring in mine ears." The event made her conscious of a flaw in all her efforts hitherto to do good, that she sought the praise of men rather than the praise of God. "I felt a powerful impulse, urging me to venture some great thing to save those lives; but I felt deeply in my heart, at the same time, that it was not pure love of God and man that impelled me, but, alas! still more the longing to seem great in the eyes of the world." Thenceforth she analyzed her motives more keenly, and strove more after purity and singleness of aim.

And had she no bit of what is called romance in her life, this earnest, noble-minded woman, with a heart which might be desired by many a man to make his home happy? She had lofty ideas as to the nature of the marriage relation, and says, "It is grievous to see a girl incapable of imagining any other object in life than to marry as early as possible; in attaining which, prudence in her choice is often so utterly forgotten that her supposed happiness is soon transformed into bitter sorrow." Miss Sieveking herself declined an offer from a worthy man, because he did not possess the superiority which she believed necessary in a husband over his wife; but in her diary occur touching entries, showing how her heart had yielded to a woman's fond hopes once. "Oh, in what a fair and sunny light shines out that evening in my memory! An unspeakable charm was shed over all this earthly life. But, oh, Father, if in the counsels of thy love I am to be trained for the heavenly life through the surrender of what I hold dearest here, Father, thy will be done!" The apprehension became a certainty before many months had rolled by. "My heart has been forced to tear itself from a sweet hope. This sacrifice has cost me much; there have been hours when life has seemed to me so utterly empty and dreary; but I have taken heart again. What is denied me by the poverty of my outward life shall be made up to me by the fulness and completeness of the life within. Heavenly Father, guide me as it pleaseth thee."

Instead of sitting down and becoming useless under this suffering, Amelia Sieveking found in it the stimulus to a higher and nobler development of life; and how thoroughly she conquered all repining feeling, and gained as high happiness as is allotted to mortals, are evinced by many incidents. Beneath her portrait she wrote as her motto, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice!" Some one having called her existence a thorny path, she says, "But it was not so; and if I

were to publish my own history, it would be under the title 'Memoirs of a Happy Old Maid;' and my object would be to prove that true happiness is to be found even outside the Eldorado of matrimony. Naturally there were thorns in my path, but many roses as well; so that many a time a fear has come over me when I have thought of those words, that 'we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.'

In 1822 her first book was published, under the unassuming title of "Meditations on certain Passages of Holy Scripture." She reckons as the great advantage brought to her by this book, that she gained contact with other kindred hearts. The celebrated Merle d'Aubigné was shortly before a resident in the house of her aunt Sieveking, having been called to the pastorate of the French Calvinistic Church in Hamburg, and his discourses had much quickened her faith. A second book, as sequel, was not sent forth till four years subsequently; it bore the same title, and its expositions were confined to the opening chapters of the Apocalypse. Much praise and much blame were the portion of the author, the latter because of what was called enthusiasm and spiritual pride. But she had laid the question of publication before her God in prayer, and decided as she believed his providence led her; so that men's judgments did not very much disturb her. Yet neither was authorship to be the crowning labour of her life, though Harms, of Kiel, after reading her works, affirmed that she was the first woman whom he could ever admit to have a vocation for writing.

From her earliest years of womanhood it had been a sort of waking dream with her to found something like a Protestant order of deaconesses, or sisterhood of charity. The wants of the sick poor had continually forced themselves on her attention and engaged her sympathies, and she saw abundance of the energy that could relieve them going to waste in the women of the Christian churches around her. On this subject she had the enthusiasm befitting the originator of a worthy project. Long before it had assumed any definite form, she devised all her little property (derived from sundry legacies, and amounting to something over a thousand pounds) to Professor Hartmann, in trust for the future institution. This gentleman had encouraged her when others looked coldly on her plans, and she pours out her gratitude to him in a most eloquent letter. But such a sisterhood as she originally contemplated was neither practicable nor expedient. Gradually she came to recognise this fact, and modified her plans into the Association for the Relief of the Sick and Poor, which more resembled an English district visiting society. Her words respecting the true motives of all such work are thus: "The life and soul of all our endeavours must be to glorify Him who has suffered and died for us, who loved us first with surpassing love. This must constrain us in all that we do for our brethren, that so they too may learn to praise his holy name. We will carry the Gospel to the poor man's hut, that, however sorely weighed down by life's burdens, he may yet rejoice and sing for joy; beside sick and dying beds we will proclaim the words of eternal life, that the soul of the sad sufferer may be refreshed by the blessed hope of heaven; in the child's heart we will plant the mustard-seed of faith, that it may grow to a mighty tree to give shadow amid the sultry days of trial and temptation yet to come. My eyes are dazzled by the boundless fields that are even now white to harvest, rich with overflowing harvest blessings. But where are the reapers? Lord, send me into thy harvest."

Varieties.

NUMBERS OF ELECTORS IN COUNTIES AND BOROUGHES.—It appears by a parliamentary return, lately issued, that the total number of electors for counties in England and Wales was 534,065 in 1862-3, and 535,789 in 1863-4. The total number of electors for cities and boroughs in England and Wales in the same years was, respectively, 468,966 and 487,604.

SCOTCHMEN IN ENGLAND.—The "Scotsman" calls attention to the fact that the census report for 1861 explodes the popular notion of the preference of the Scotch for the South rather than their own land. This report says that "the tendency of the Scotch to go to London is less than the tendency of the people of any part of Great Britain except Lancashire and Cheshire." The cause of the exception of the two English counties is explained by the large field of labour they offer themselves. The exact statistics show that there is even a smaller proportion of Scotchmen in England than there is of Englishmen in Scotland; for while the twenty millions of England absorb only 169,000 Scotchmen, 56,000 Englishmen are absorbed by Scotland, which has a population of only three millions.

WARDEN PIES.—Mr. Henslow has requested us to correct an error in his paper (in No. 641) on "The Wild Flowers of Shakespeare," where it is stated that "warden pies" are apples: they are a kind of pear. We take the opportunity of making some other corrections. The date of the death of Hamnet, Shakespeare's eldest son, was 1595, not 1595 (p. 263). The anecdote quoted in the paragraph preceding, on the same page, about Mrs. Alleyne, of Dulwich, was given by Mr. Knight on the authority of Mr. Collier. The portion of the letter referring to "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe" is stated by Mr. Halliwell, Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, and Dr. Ingelby, to be an interpolation. We have no wish to meddle with the Collier controversy; but the doubt thrown upon this Alleyne letter only confirms what is said about the paucity of authentic facts recorded concerning Shakespeare. A few sentences suffice to tell all that is really known, and we have refrained from repeating the vague legends and idle tales which have formed the staple of Shakespearian biography.

A MILITARY MAN AMID FINE SCENERY.—At Pirna, and thither and thither in Saxon Switzerland, Friedrich certainly was. "Who ever saw such positions, your Majesty?"—for Friedrich is always looking out, were it even from the window of his carriage, and putting military problems to himself in all manner of scenery. "What would a man do, in that kind of ground, if attacking, if attacked? with that hill, that brook, that bit of bog?" and advises every officer to be continually doing the like. That is the value of picturesque or other scenery to Friedrich, and their effect on good Prussian officers and him.—*Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great."*

DIFFERENT ESTIMATES BY MAN AND BY GOD.—The heathens fancied that their heroes or patriarchs, by great and heroic actions, by valour, courage, the slaughter and conquest of their enemies, usually attended with pride, cruelty, and oppression, made their way into heaven. (*Hac arte Hercules arces tetigit igneas.*) The way of God's heroes, of the patriarchs of his church and people, unto their rest and glory, unto the enjoyment of the Divine promises, was by faith, patience, long-suffering, humility, enduring persecution, self-denial, and the spiritual virtues generally reckoned in the world unto pusillanimity, and so despised.—*Dr. Owen.*

STUPIDITY OF LOBSTERS.—Lobsters, says Dr. Buckland, if left on the rocks, never go back to the water of their own accord; they wait till it comes to them. This peculiarity was observed after a landslide on the coast of Dorsetshire, England, which by its great weight forced up a portion of the bottom of the sea. On this suddenly elevated bit of ground there happened to be several lobsters, who doubtless thought the low tide had taken place with uncommon celerity, and that it would return again. Anyhow, the foolish creatures waited for the tide to come up and cover them. Of course it never did come up again; they remained in their places and died there, although the water was in many instances only a few feet from their noses. They had not the sense to tumble into it and save their lives.

SISMONDI'S OPINION OF WILLIAM SCHLEGEL, THE GERMAN CRITIC.—Schlegel is a presumptuous pedant, and his manner of delivering his judgments is nearly always extremely insolent. His way of writing and speaking is so bitter, and at the same time so disdainful, that he often wounds even when he wishes to praise.—*Letters of Sismondi.*